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REMARKS
ON THE
TRAGEDY,
OF
EURYDICE.

(Price Six-pence.)

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ON THE

TRAGEDY

OF

FURTYDIE

(Price six pence)

REMARKS
ON THE
TRAGEDY
OF
EURYDICE.

IN WHICH

It is endeavoured to prove the said
TRAGEDY is wrote in favour of the
Pretender, and is a scurrilous Libel against
the present Establishment,



L O N D O N :

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REMARKS

ON THE

TRAGEDY

OF

EURYDICE

IN

IT IS ENJOINED TO PROVE THE
FACTS OF THE CASE IN FAVOR OF
THE DEFENDANT AND IT IS ENJOINED
TO PROVE THE FACTS AGAINST



IN WITNESS WHEREOF
I have hereunto set my hand
and the seal of the said Court
at the City of New York
this 1st day of January
1881



REMARKS

ON THE

Tragedy of EURYDICE.



EXECRABLE have been our Dramatick Performances of late Years: so very wretched, that a Man who has the Honour of his Country at Heart, cannot bring himself to speak of them with any Temper. No Fable, no Verisimilitude, no Characters, not the shadow of a good Sentiment. Who can sit down seriously to criticise

such Writings, who knows how to employ his Time to any reasonable, any manly Purpose? I, therefore, for my part, have been silent, and would have continued so even on this provoking Occasion, had I not observed something in the new Rhapsody, call'd *Eurydice*, a Tragedy which I cannot pass without animadverting upon it severely, though at the same time openly, and with candor. The Duty I owe my Country and my King, imposes, unavoidably, this Task upon me; and I should reckon myself a Traitor to both, did I decline this Task, on any Considerations whatever.

To me then it seems evident, from the whole Scope of this Play, from the Series of Incidents, and from the Biass of Thoughts and Expressions, all obliquely tending to one remote purpose; that it was written with a View to
serve

serve the *Pretender*, and to revive among us the failing Spirit of *Jacobitism*. Insolent attempt! nor less ridiculous; which must needs draw down on its Author, if not correction from the secular Arm, at least indignation and abhorrence from all honest reasoning Minds.

I have not yet read, nor ever will read, this abominable Patchwork Piece: And therefore some People may think me unfair, or precipitate at least, in my Remarks on a thing before the Publication of it. But those who judge so, reason absurdly, not comprehending my purpose, which is, not to chastise this Writer for his Blunders as a Dramatick Poet, but for his audacious, temeracious Insult upon our present happy Constitution. And of that intention I am as able to judge by the representation as the reading of this blessed Production.

Who

Who then are those exiled Princes, Father and Son? Where is the Monarch he has impiously dared to shadow out under the Character of *Procles*? Let those who have seen, or may read this Play, pause on this little, and then tell me whether this Apprehension of mine is ill founded; whether I do not act the part of a loyal, and, I hope, a discerning *Englishman*, in thus alarming the Publick?

I own this Design is covered with so delicate an artfulness, and we are diverted from observing it by an intermixture of so many unressembling Circumstances, that an ordinary Eye may not easily trace it. And for that Reason I am inclined to give into a Report I have heard, that the Plan of this Play was drawn for the Writer of it, by an eminent Hand, remarkable for great Parts and great ones, who made use of the other as a Tool
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in the Matter, without letting him into any part of his Intention. And to me this is far from being an improbable Suspicion, while I reflect how contemptible an Opinion I have of the Author in his poetical Capacity.

If then *England* is meant by the Name *Eurydice* (and if he did not mean so, why did he not make use of the known Name in History, *Melissa*?) we may discover a close-drawn, dangerous Allegory running thro' the whole Play. Is not this *Eurydice* sorry for having trusted *Procles*, an Enemy to her Husband? And may not a King, in his political Capacity, be said to be married to his People? I think he may. If so; is it hard to find out who is meant by this Husband? But I have not patience to go on in this way: I so clearly discern the concealed traitorousness of his purpose. Has he

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not

not made *Eurydice* complain and afflict herself, thro' the whole Play, for this single Reason? Has he not represented her miserable and ruin'd by this alone? What a Creature must that be who would join to see his Country in such a Situation! For that is plainly to be gathered from his representation.

I think all this needs no farther Proof: And the intelligent Reader, when he has been once led into this track of Thought, will be able to pursue it onward to the end.

Let what has been said, therefore, suffice at present. I want but for this Writer's Defence, to prove irrefragably all I have asserted. In the mean while I shall despise the Sneers of Witlings, and Wrath of small Poets, conscious as I am to myself of being able to make good my Party against such contemptible Antagonists. If honest

nest and loyal Readers may take the hint I have but just given them, so as to be on their guard against this Play, I shall very soon set this Matter in a clear and full light.

I thought to have ended my Observations here; but the unmerited Success this Play has met with disposes me to review it a little more strictly. As to the Rules of the *Drama*, I can prove that he has broke them all; tho' the Fools that admire *Eurydice* (and such I have met with to my amazement) cry it up greatly on this account. Let them consider the blundering Account of a Storm in the first Act. It is impossible that the Queen could have seen from a Window such Objects at Sea so distinctly, as to be able to discern their Sails torn off, and the Ships falling into what he calls yawning Gulphs. But why all that wonderment, that violence of af-

fiction in her, for Persons whom she herself says she does not know? I should be glad to have an Answer to this Objection. What an intolérable violation of the unity of Place has he made in his second Act. Now we are among Rocks; and there is the Sea, and Midnight, and a thing heartily soufed in Brine. Every thing here is ten times more absurd than what I have been blaming.

The intelligent Reader will see I satisfy my self with barely venting these monstrous Offences against Probability and Decorum. It were easy to urge them home; but that shall remain *in petto*. In this very second Act we were hurried back, Lord knows how nor wherefore, into the Queen's Bed-Chamber; where we are regaled, doubtless very elegantly and according to the strict Rules of Decency, with the sight and
Bil-

Billingsgate courtship of a mund-
lin King, who comes at all Ad-
ventures, to lie with another Man's
Wife. But I lose all patience,
while I reflect that the insolent
Author meant this Character,
perhaps, for our immortal Deli-
verer. *Periander* again is treated
with much and artful tenderness.
He is a just, merciful, great-spi-
rited Monarch, only blemished by
his strong addition to Seculancy.
By which I understand (and I hope
now every Body will understand)
the Bigotry of that weak Prince
to his false Religion.

Before I proceed any farther,
I will make it my Business to
discover in what manner the hope-
ful Author of this Piece, or his
Friends, intend to answer me. In
the mean while I appeal to all
those who have seen this Play,
whether there is not just Foun-
dation laid, by many Incidents
and

and Allusions in-it, to raise upon it all those honest, and, I hope, not unuseful Conjectures I have given.

But suppose we should shift the Scene, and approach nearer to the main and principal Design of the Author; does it not evidently appear that he squints very hard, or rather points directly to the *Pretender's* first Invasion on *Scotland*, when in the middle of the third Act he orders the Fetters of *Periander* to be struck off? Whoever has heard of that Expedition must know that he might have been, if he was not, taken Prisoner; and most People acquiesce in the Opinion of the latter.

The Jealousy of *Periander*, is a manifest Demonstration of the Pique and Misunderstanding between the *Pretender* and the Princess *Sobiesky*; I must own it is artfully couched, and what is there intended

intended by the Death of *Eurydice* more that that Princess's retiring from her Husband, and shutting herself up in a Monastery? The lamentation of *Periander* for the *untimely End* of his dear *Eurydice*, squares exactly with the Grief and Sorrow which the *Pretender* manifested upon his Wife's withdrawing herself from him, and shutting herself up in a Cloyster: He felt within him all the Emotions of an enraged Soul, tossed to and fro between *Fondness* and *Rage*. Love and *Resentment* take place by turns, and each in its turn disturb his Mind, and fill his Breast with Anxiety, Care and Perturbation of Spirit; he, like *Periander*, could find no Rest, no real, no satisfactory Joy, and yet he would willingly hear her, but Means were found out to divert him from it for awhile.

Peri-

Periander is represented to affect the Part of an heroic Soul, and to deface from his remembrance the Behaviour of *Eurydice*. Was not this the very Case of the *Pretender*? 'Tis true, in the Play *Eurydice* came to *Periander*, implored and supplicated, but all in vain. But if we take away this *Blind*, then it tallies with the *Pretender's* going to visit his Spouse in her Retirement; and if we turn the Tables, it will be evident that the treatment of *Eurydice* was the same that the *Chevalier* met with from his cloistered Wife, who received him with such Coldness that it amounted to Disdain.

In the same Act the Character of *Medan* is fully displayed; and who that has Eyes can avoid seeing, that the Similitude of the late Lord B — — is drawn there? One, who having betrayed two Masters,

Masters, would not stick at the most abhorred Action in the World; and can any Man perpetrate a more vile Deed than to murder a King? an innocent King. But this is no wonder, if we consider the just Observation of the Ancients, that *he who is debauched in his Principles, will quickly be so in his Intellectuals*. From one Wickedness they proceed to another, and he who is habituated to *Perjury* will make no scruple of Conscience to become a *Regicide*, especially when he is not under any Apprehension of receiving condign Punishment.

Can there be any stronger Allusion in the World to the Princess *Sobiesky's* being seized by *Medon*, and her being carryed away by him, (allowance being made for Time, Place and Persons) than to her Confinement when she was passing through *Germany* to meet
C her

her Husband in *Italy*, to whom she was espoused by Proxy? The Rescue of *Eurydice* from the hands of *Procles* by her Son *Polydore*, is cunningly disguised ; but if the Mask be taken off, what is it more than her being carried away from her Confinement by two *Irish* Traytors, *Talbot* and another, both desperate Fellows, and as bigotted to Popery as the *Pretender*.

Ariston is characterized as a base *Villain* in the fourth Act ; he is represented to decline the Commands of his Master in preparing a Dose of Poison for *Eurydice* ; but does all that lies in his Power to prevent *Periander's* being reconciled to her, or even to permit her to see him. Now if an abatement be made for the Intention of poisoning, then it corresponds exactly with Colonel *Hay*, who used his Endeavour, and studied Night and Day to contrive Means
and

and Ways to prevent a Reconciliation between the *Pretender* and the Princess *Sobiesky*.

Ariston is the Favourite of *Periander*; he is wrapt up in him; he depends upon him; he esteems him as his bosom and most intimate Friend: And whoever casts an Eye upon the Affairs and Circumstances of the *Pretender* and Colonel *Hay*, at the time when there had been a Separation between the former and the Princess, must necessarily conclude that the Character of the Colonel was drawn in the blackest Colours, and yet not blacker than he deserved; and to do all that in him lay to prevent their future Union, which was brought to perfection by the political Artifices of Cardinal *Alberoni*. And yet Colonel *Hay* was not discarded, but retained in the *Pretender's* Service, as *Ariston* was in the Favour of *Periander*.

The Agitations of *Polydore* on this Occasion, manifest plainly the Affliction and Inquietude of the *Pretender's* eldest Son, who it was said, (young as he was at that time) struggled hard, and had a severe Conflict with himself, in respect of his paternal and maternal Duty and Obedience. His Love to his Mother, whom he believed to have been represented in false Colours, urged him to incline to her, which was natural enough ; his Love also, his Duty and Respect to his Father, put such a Restraint upon him, that he but gently touched the Sore, and durst not venture to probe it. Thus was he divided for awhile, and tho' he would willingly have interpolated his good Offices, yet the Dread and Fear of offending his Father, if he should offer to use any Arguments in Defence of his Mother's unprecedented Usage,

Usage, which she received by her Husband, obliged him to put a stop to his honest and sincere Intentions.

The Revolution brought about by *Polydore* and *Leonidas*, (the former being introduced to put a gloss upon the Matter) which occasioned the re-gaining *Corinth* to *Periander*, does demonstrate the *Pretender's* Affairs in his last Expedition to *Scotland*, where he was soon joined by the *Highland Clans*; and as it would not have been consistent with the *Drama* to have shewn how his Forces were routed at the Battle of *Sheriffmuire*, near *Dumblain*, he is deciphered in the Tragedy to be a Victor. But this was a Design to conceal his cowardly Flight, and nourish and keep up the Spirits of a sinking Party.

The

The last Scene of the fourth Act concludes with Exclamations of *Eurydice* on account of her not being heard, or permitted to speak in her own Defence and Justification, when *Periander* flew from her, notwithstanding she offered her Supplications upon her Knees.

Periander's being satisfied (in the beginning of the fifth Act) that his rash Oath which he made to put the Queen to Death, (as supposing her to have consented to the embraces of *Procles*, and thereby violated the nuptial Bed) ought not to be regarded; is artfully enforced by *Leonidas*: And what difference is there in this Point, and the Vow which the *Pretender* made, never to be reconciled or behold the Face of his Wife, the Case of Death only excepted? Was not this the very Argument which *Mar* used to remove that Bug-bear Obstacle, as
he

he called it, which had prevented for some time the re-union of his new Master and Mistress? 'Tis true indeed, *Eurydice* and *Periander* die in the winding up the Tragedy; and the *Pretender* and the Princess *Sobieski* were metaphorically *dead*; for their Separation was such, that it was adjudged beyond the Power and Art of Man to make them *live* together again.

Now to draw to a Conclusion, for I must own I am tired with making Remarks upon what I was in hopes would have been visible to the least discerning Eye upon the very first View; I look upon it to be the Interest of every Author to send away his Audience in a pleasant humour, and not wind up his Play with a Catastrophe that leaves a deep Impression of Grief upon their Minds, whose Eyes plainly demonstrate the affliction
and

and concern of their tender Hearts, particularly those of the fair and soft Sex. The late Mr. Congreve was very successful in this Point; and whoever has seen or read his *Mourning Bride*, must confess the same. The Author of *Eurydice* might have pursued his Steps without any Injury to his Character, or Violence to the *Drama*; and, in all probability, would have gained more Applause if he had followed Mr. Congreve's Example; nor would it have been any diminution of, but rather an addition to, his Praise, if he had followed such an experienced Leader.

F I N I S.